

## "Sholem Aleichem!"

BY SAMUEL A. B. FROMMER.

IT is almost a year since a thin, peak-faced man with keen blue eyes and bent shoulders walked through the Harlem section of Central Park with Sholem Ash, the Yiddish playwright. As he passed the loungers on the benches he nodded to them and, according to the ancient Jewish custom, they jumped to their feet. Because of the malady that was slowly eating away his frail body physicians had instructed Sholem Aleichem not to talk in the open. But he couldn't resist the temptation.

"Ash," he said to his companion. "These are the people I have made happy with my stories. They do not know that I am a broken, heart-crushed man. It is better for them not to know."

Sholem Aleichem never made anybody cry, but he seldom laughed himself. The East Side did not learn of his great sorrow, of his struggle for existence, of the illness that was carrying him off until it was too late. And, because they laughed with Sholem Aleichem while he lived, they are still mourning him after his death. The heart of the East Side is still decorated with long, flapping banners of black; the photograph of the "Yiddish Mark Twain," black-bordered, occupies a place of prominence in each store window. In cafes and restaurants across the way from Seward Park they still gather around tables and discuss his works.

In Levitt's restaurant, at 141 Division Street, a group of writers were gathered the day after the spectacular funeral. They sat at the table that had been Sholem Aleichem's favorite place.

"Do you remember," began the editor of "The Wahrheit," "how Tobich, the dairyman, voiced his philosophy?"

The men laughed—a laugh shortened only by grim, recent memories. Tobich, the dairyman, gave way to Menachem Mendel and his wife, Schaina Scheindel. What an unfortunate man Menachem had been! And now Schaina could curse. Did anybody recall how Stempjen, the fiddler, was defeated in his amatory pilgrimages? Wasn't Selig, in "The Colonization of Palestine," the most humorous character that could be conceived? And there was Reb Yozipel, the rabbi. Could anybody but a master mind have conceived a character so true to Jewish life, so faithful to racial delineation?

"Sholem Aleichem should not be compared with Mark Twain," said Abraham Cahan, editor of "The Forward." "Mark Twain was a jester and a literary man. When he stopped short in one he became the other, as is illustrated by 'Tom Sawyer.' Sholem Aleichem was a humorist all the time. He never over-emphasized a trait. He took the funniest in Jews and reproduced it with the eye of a camera."

The East Side has learned, during the last few days, what occurred during a meeting between Sholem Aleichem and Mark Twain. "So you are the Yiddish Mark Twain," remarked the author of "Huckleberry Finn." Then, with a smile, Samuel Clemens continued, "I suppose I might be called the American Sholem Aleichem."

Sholem Aleichem blazed a trail of kindness and found his greatest reward in hearing his readers laugh. In his will he begged the Jewish people not to weep after him, but to laugh. He asked his sons to meet annually, on the day of his death, and read aloud one of his stories—"my funniest, children," his final testament commanded.

A short time before his death a newspaper man visited Sholem Aleichem for an interview.

"Interview me?" asked the little man. He was smoking cigarette after cigarette and drinking innumerable glasses of tea. "What shall I tell you? I am a Yiddish writer. They say that I am a humorist; that I make others laugh, and—I weep. Tell me. Can a Yiddish writer make a living in this country?"

It was the anxiety over supporting his little family that hastened his death. Sholem Aleichem had married the daughter of a rich man and had lost her dowry in the Russian stock market. Then, as the years passed, he took his ill-luck good-naturedly, as he took all his other troubles. "If I Were Rothschild," written only a few months before his death, illustrates how he let the sunshine into the dark corners of his life.

"If I were Rothschild, oh, if I were only Rothschild, guess what I would do. To begin with, I'd see to it that my wife is always provided with an extra threepence, so that she won't bother me every Thursday about the Saturday provisions. Then I would redeem my Sabbath Kapota, or, rather, my wife's fur coat, so that she may stop picking at my brain about the cold. I'd marry off all my daughters. What a relief!"

"If I were Rothschild I'd put a stop to the war. I would abolish it completely."

"You get the idea? It is a business stroke, and a great moral act. And perhaps I'd go still further on, if I were Rothschild. Maybe I'd abolish money altogether. No more money. What do we need money for? It is a certificate, and an illusion, a sin that tempts all."

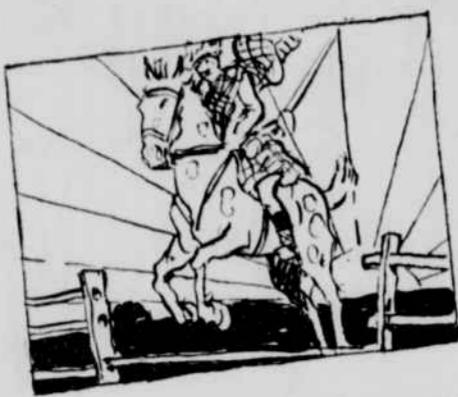
"But if there were no money the temptation would not exist. Get the idea?"

"But you say to me: 'How would one manage to buy food then?'"

"My answer is: 'Look at me. How do I manage it now?'"

After the funeral scores of his friends visited the home of the author. Old men in prayer shawls were droning Hebrew hymns. The members of the family, with their shoes off, as prescribed by Jewish law, were sitting on boxes. A candle was burning to the memory of the great humorist and it cast dancing shadows on the cheap-papered walls. It was in these rooms in The Bronx that Sholem Aleichem entertained struggling genius, but never, over the tea and cigarettes he always provided, mentioned that he was fast going to the land of no return.

# MOVIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN



YOUNG LOCHINVAR, ON AN EXCELLENT STEED, RIDES IN AN EASTERLY DIRECTION AT EVENTIDE



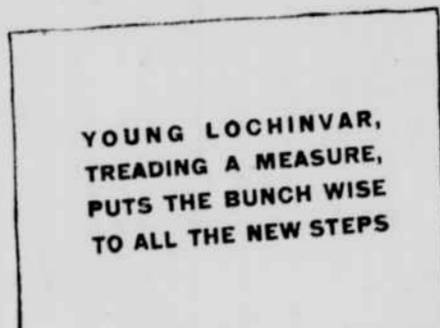
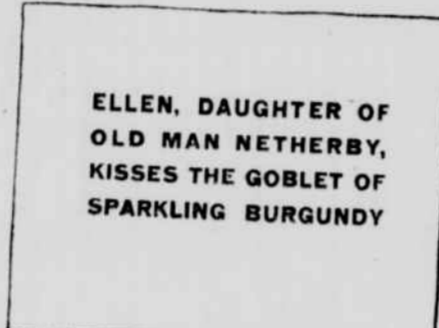
ELLEN, DAUGHTER OF OLD MAN NETHERBY, KISSES THE GOBLET OF SPARKLING BURGUNDY



YOUNG LOCHINVAR, TREADING A MEASURE, PUTS THE BUNCH WISE TO ALL THE NEW STEPS



MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF THE BRIDE'S FATHER, LOCHINVAR TAKES BUT ONE DRINK



## VII—YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT and ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Picture Scenario by C. B. Falls

Oh, Young Lochinvar is come out of the West—  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,  
And save—But why print it? You're wise to the rest.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone;  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none  
(A chance for a Ford joke; a peach of a one).

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all;  
'Twas the wedding of Ellen, perhaps you recall.

"I long woo'd your daughter—my suit you denied:  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like the tide."  
His words were addressed to the Dad of the Bride.

"And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine—"  
(Repeat it: A Scotchman, and one cup of wine!)

The Bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up;  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup—  
(The Netherbys thought him an insolent pup).

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;  
"Now tread we a measure," said Young Lochinvar  
(The Movie is wholly Sir Walter's thus far).

Young Lochinvar danced; and the Netherby clan  
Looked sneeringly floorward, all ready to pan;  
But the mothers remarked: "What a graceful young man!"

Young Lochinvar danced; and the interest grew;  
Surprising the number of steps he could do;  
Steps so entrancing, and all of them new.

Young Lochinvar danced; and the Netherby Hall  
Was soon the gay scene of a family ball;  
Forsters and Fenwicks and Musgraves and all.

Young Lochinvar stopped; but the others did not;  
Absorbed in the rhythm of Tango and Trot,  
Young Lochinvar's presence they wholly forgot.

One word to fair Ellen did Lochinvar say;  
Then mounting his steed, they rode calmly away—  
And nobody missed them for almost a day.

## ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

Rose was lovely and blond and twenty;  
Suitors, of course, she had in plenty,  
None of them seemed to touch her heart,  
She loved poetry, music, art,  
Beauty in any form, past or present,  
And woman suffrage she thought "unpleasant."

One day she said to Henderson Paley,  
A young man who came to see her daily:  
"Woman suffrage, of course, one must  
Own is theoretically just,  
Why, then—I really want to know—  
Does it repel and shock me so?"

Henderson instantly made reply:  
"I can tell you the reason why,  
Because you've got so much sense, my dear,  
Because you see everything straight and clear."

Oh, if women were all like you!"  
Rose pondered: perhaps what he said  
was true.

Rose had a friend, May Ida White,  
Who worked for suffrage day and night;  
Long they argued till each felt more  
Sure she was right than she did before.  
May Ida White had a quick, sharp  
tongue.

If she wanted her sentence to sting, it  
stung.  
And something she said gave Rose  
offense  
About the indirect influence.

So Rose, as a sort of a trial run  
To test her power on Henderson  
Asked him to make an anti speech  
To a meeting of all the girls in reach.

It was a splendid, crowded meeting;  
The girls gave Paley a rousing greeting.  
Rose, sitting quiet, demure, remote,  
Conscious of power without the vote,  
Thought that she never had heard or read

Such beautiful things as Paley said.  
Home, he said, was a sacred shrine.  
Half human, and more than half divine,  
And then he quoted something she knew  
About a Spirit, yet Woman, too.  
A perfect woman nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command.

"Oh, women, women," he cried, "how  
strange  
That a woman lives who would fain ex-  
change

Her charm, her beauty, her natural  
dower,  
Her woman's sceptre, her sovereign  
power,

Old as the stars and the ancient rocks,  
To drop a ballot into a box!  
What laws could she pass, what men  
elect,

That would compensate for Man's Re-  
spect?"  
And a great deal more to the same effect.

As he concluded his peroration  
He was met by cheers, by a real ovation.  
In fact, so quickly the story spread  
Of the true and wonderful things he said  
That a local man's club sent to invite  
Him to speak to them the following  
night.

Rose, in boasting about the way  
Paley had spoken, said to May:  
"Isn't it hard that I can't go—  
Women are not admitted, you know—  
And I want so much that I can't explain  
To hear that beautiful speech again."  
May said: "I'd like to hear it, too.  
One can always do what one wants to do.  
If in the gallery we went and hid  
No one would know. Let's go."

They did.

When Paley entered, so grand and tall,  
Praised and applauded by one and all,  
Rose at her heart felt a certain stir,  
As she thought that it all was due to  
her.

He began to speak, though it wasn't  
quite  
The speech he had made the other night.  
He did not mention the word divine,  
Or speak of an angel, or home or shrine.  
To-night he was off on a different tack;  
He seemed to be speaking of women's  
lack

Of brain; in fact, he was free to state  
He'd never met one who could reason  
straight.

Women were beings of fads and pas-  
sions,  
And, goodness, gentlemen, think of the  
fashions!

Must we have them in the Senate hall,  
Crinolines, bustles, high-heels, and all?  
Suffragists told him that women's great  
Sense of honor would save the State;  
He did not want to say anything shady,  
But had any one present played bridge  
with a lady?

It made him think; and then—and  
then—

He told a story about a hen;  
Not very bad as a story goes,  
But somehow very dreadful to Rose,  
And the thing that shocked her beyond  
all measure  
Was the way the audience roared with  
pleasure.

When it was over, Rose, distressed,  
Puzzled, astonished, hurt, depressed,  
After a silence said to May:

"Is it that all men feel that way?"  
"No, not many," said May, "and they  
Are getting beautifully less each day.  
But something like this is what they  
mean,  
When they call a woman a fireside  
queen."

## The Chateau d'Ausperge

Continued from page two.

stripped from his body in order to bandage his wounds."

"And then? Did the officer go, or is he still in your care, Countess?"

His glance fell on the motionless form in the invalid's chair.

Then something unexpected happened. The old lady stepped suddenly to the chair.

"Oh!" she called out shrilly, "you think that here under these covers lies the officer whom you seek? Oh, no, Herr Commandant! I am not so lacking in foresight. And if I have not sooner fulfilled your wish, it was simply and solely because I did not want to disturb the invalid's rest. It has cost us much trouble and pains to move my granddaughter into the room."

She carefully lifted the sheet and uncovered the face of the sleeper. Herr von Breiten saw, to his unmeasured astonishment, the beautiful, though drawn, face of a young woman.

"Is it possible?" stammered the officer. He turned away perplexed, hurried to the door, opened it softly and spoke some words to the sentinel standing outside. Then he returned. The Countess looked at him triumphantly, smiling her scorn.

"Will you believe me now if I assure you that no French soldier is hidden in the chateau?"

Herr von Breiten stared at the invalid and shook his head.

"One thing I can't understand at all. In form and expression the face of your granddaughter bears the strongest possible resemblance to that of your gardener's daughter."

"My gardener's daughter?"

The mistress of the chateau paled and looked at him, panic-stricken.

"Yes! I have had her arrested and spoken casually with her. Besides"—he turned toward the door and listened—"they are bringing her here and you can yourself, gracious Countess, observe the resemblance!"

"You have arrested the daughter of my gardener? Why? What crime can the poor girl have committed?"

The officer made no answer, but glanced toward the door of the salon, through which entered a pale, delicate girl in peasant garb, accompanied by an armed sub-officer. Alarmed and highly excited, she hastened to the Countess and, wringing her hands in desperation, exclaimed: "Madame la Comtesse, in the name of the Holy Mother of God, Madame la Comtesse, save me!"

The Countess pressed the young girl to her breast.

"Jeannette, my child, calm yourself," she whispered. "They cannot have anything against you; be calm. You see, that I, too, must control myself."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant, without the Countess's noticing him, had again softly approached the invalid and examined her with inquisitive eyes. Suddenly he broke out in a laugh and motioned to the under-officer, who hurried to his side. And before the Countess, who ran toward them in a fury, could interfere the under-officer snatched away the thick, heavy covering under which the sick person lay.

"Ah! We have him, Herr Lieutenant!" he cried with delight. Before them, half clothed, lay the youthful body of a man.

He seemed to be wounded, for his arm was bandaged, and now, as he slowly and carefully raised his head and sat up, a slight groan escaped from his throat.

The Countess stood like a statue, white, stiff, motionless. Fear and horror had seized her. It seemed to her as if an abyss had suddenly opened under her feet. She had plotted everything so cleverly, had arranged everything so carefully, to save her favorite—her Gaston. And then just as she had believed that she had succeeded and would be able to triumph over the hated enemy—the triumph turned to ashes. Defeat everywhere—out there in the field and in here in her own heart and soul. Everywhere, everywhere, wherever the heavy tread of the German barbarian resounded, her beautiful France bled and every hope of victory perished in anguish.

The wounded man got up, carefully adjusting his arm in the sling, and bowed very slightly to Herr von Breiten.

"Your prisoner—Herr Kamerad," he said softly.

Then with a cry of woe the pale, delicate girl, who had been standing apart and terrifiedly watching the proceedings, rushed to the prisoner, threw herself on the floor beside him and embraced his knees.

"Gaston! Gaston! Stay with us!" she exclaimed hysterically.

He bent over and lovingly stroked her hair with his free hand.

"Don't cry, Antoinette! I shall come back. I promise you. I shall come back when the war is over and when"

He stopped short and closed his eyes as if in pain.

"When France lies shattered on the ground."

She completed his sentence with an intonation of despair.

He merely nodded and brushed the tears away.

The younger countess sprang up. Impulsively, entreatingly, she seized the hand of the German officer.

"Have pity, Herr Commandant," she implored. "Protect my brother; I have nothing but him."

"You are—" Herr von Breiten looked questioningly at her.

"His sister Antoinette, Herr Commandant. Pardon us! Pardon my grandmother! I beseech you."

Herr von Breiten lifted her hand to his lips.

"Do not torment yourself, Countess. We are at war and I cannot, and ought not, let your brother go free. But I pledge you my word of honor that he shall be well treated by us—as an officer—as a comrade. You shall have him back again later. Only be patient!"

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